NUMB. DXXXIV.

The SPECTATOR.

Rarus enim ferme ſenſus communis in illa Fortuna--- Juv.

Wedneſday, November 12. 1712.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Am a young Woman of Nineteen, the only Daughter of very wealthy Parents; 'and have my whole Life been uſed with 'a Tenderneſs which did me no great Service in my Education. I have, perhaps, an uncommon Deſire for Knowledge of what is ſuitable to my Sex and Quality; but, as far as I can remember, the whole Diſpute about me has been, whether ſuch a thing was proper for the Child to do, or not? or whether ſuch or ſuch Food was the more wholeſome for the young Lady to eat? This was ill for my Shape, that for my Complection, and t'other for my Eyes. I am not extravagant, when I tell you I do not know that I have trod upon the very Earth ſince I was ten Years old: A Coach or Chair I am obliged to for all my Motions from one Place to another ever ſince I can remember. All who had to do to inſtruct me, have ever been bringing Stories of the notable things I have ſaid, and the womanly Manner of my behaving my ſelf upon ſuch and ſuch an Occaſion. This has been my State till I came toward Years of Womanhood; and ever ſince I grew towards the Age of Fifteen, I have been abuſed after another Manner. Now, forſooth, I am ſo killing no one can ſafely ſpeak to me. Our Houſe is frequented by Men of Senſe, and I love to aſk Queſtions when I fall into ſuch Converſation, but I am cut ſhort with ſomething or other about my bright Eyes. There is, Sir, a Language particular for talking to Women in; and none but thoſe of the very firſt good Breeding (who are very few, and who ſeldom come into my Way) can ſpeak to us without regard to our Sex. Among the Generality of thoſe they call Gentlemen, it is impoſſible for me to ſpeak upon any Subject whatſoever, without provoking Somebody to ſay, *Oh! to be ſure fine Mr. ſuch a one muſt be very particularly acquainted with all that; all the World will contribute to her Entertainment and Information.* Thus, Sir, I am ſo handſome, that I murther all who approach me; ſo wiſe, that I want no new Notices; and ſo well bred, that I am treated by all that know me like a Fool, for no one will anſwer as if I were their Friend or Companion. Pray, Sir, be pleaſed to take the Part of us Beauties and Fortunes into your Conſideration, and do not let us be thus flattered out of our Senſes. I have got an Huſſey of a Maid, who is moſt craftily given to this ill Quality. I was at firſt diverted with a certain Abſurdity the Creature was guilty of in every thing ſhe ſaid. She is a Country Girl, and in the Dialect of the Shire ſhe was born in, would tell me that every Body reckoned her Lady had the pureſt Red and White in the World. Then ſhe would tell me I was the moſt like one *Siſly Dobſon* in their Town, who made the Miller make away with himſelf, and walk afterwards in the Cornfield where they uſed to meet. With all this, this cunning Huſſey can lay Letters in my Way, and put a Billet in my Gloves, and then ſtand in it ſhe knows nothing of it. I do not know, from my Birth to this Day, that I have been ever treated by any one as I ought; and if it were not for a few Books which I delight in, I ſhould be at this Hour a Novice to all common Senſe. Would it not be worth your While to lay down Rules for Behaviour in this Caſe, and tell People that we fair ones expect honeſt plain Anſwers as well as other People? Why muſt I, good Sir, becauſe I have a good Air, a fine Complection, and am in the Bloom of my Years, be miſled in all my Actions? and have the Notions of Good and Ill confounded in my Mind, for no other Offence but becauſe I have the Advantages of Beauty and Fortune? Indeed, Sir, what with the ſilly Homage which is paid us by the ſort of People I have above ſpoken of, and the utter Negligence which others have for us, the Converſation of us young Women of Condition is no other than what muſt expoſe us to Ignorance and Vanity, if not Vice. All this is humbly ſubmitted to your Spectatorial Wiſdom by,

S I R,

Your humble Servant,
Sharlot Wealthy.

Mr. SPECTATOR, Will's *Coffee-Houſe.*

'PRAY, Sir, it will ſerve to fill up a Paper, 'if you put in this; which is only to aſk whether that Copy of Verſes, which is a Paraphraſe of *Iſaiah*, in one of your Speculations is not written by Mr. *Pope*? Then you get on another Line, by putting in, with proper Diſtances, as at the End of a Letter,

I am, Sir,
Your humble Servant,
Abraham Dapperwit.

Mr. Dapperwit,

'I Am glad to get another Line forward, by ſaying that excellent Piece is Mr. *Pope's*; and ſo, with proper Diſtances,

I am, Sir,
Your humble Servant,
S---s.

Mr.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Was a wealthy Grocer in the City, and as 'fortunate as diligent; but I was a ſingle 'Man, and you know there are Women. One 'in particular came to my Shop, who I wiſh'd 'might, but was afraid never wou'd make a Gro-'cer's Wife. I thought, however, to take an ef-'fectual Way of Courting, and ſold to her at leſs 'Price than I bought, that I might buy at leſs 'Price than I ſold. She, you may be ſure, often 'came, and help'd me to many Cuſtomers at the 'ſame Rate, fancying I was obliged to her. You 'muſt needs think this was a good living Trade, 'and my Riches muſt be vaſtly improved. In fine, 'I was nigh being declar'd Bankrupt, when I de-'clared my ſelf her Lover, and ſhe herſelf mar-'ried. I was juſt in a Condition to ſupport my 'ſelf, and am now in Hopes of growing rich 'by loſing my Cuſtomers.

Yours,

Jeremy Comfitt.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Am in the Condition of the Idol you was once 'pleaſed to mention, and Bar-keeper of a 'Coffee-houſe. I believe 'tis needleſs to tell you 'the Opportunities I muſt give, and the Importu-'nities I ſuffer. But there is one Gentleman who 'beſieges me as cloſe as the *French* did *Bouchain*. 'His Gravity makes him work cautious, and his 'regular Approaches denote a good Engineer. You 'need not doubt of his Oratory, as he is a Lawyer; 'and eſpecially ſince he has had ſo little Uſe of it 'at *Weſtminſter*, he may ſpare the more for me.

'What then can weak Woman do? I am willing 'to ſurrender, but he would have it at Diſcretion, 'and I with Diſcretion, In the mean Time, whilſt 'we parly, our ſeveral Intereſts are neglected. 'As his Siege grows ſtronger, my Tea grows 'weaker; and while he pleads at my Bar, none 'come to him for Counſel but in *Forma Pauperis*. 'Dear Mr. SPECTATOR, adviſe him not to inſiſt 'upon hard Articles, nor by his irregular Deſires 'contradict the well-meaning Lines of his Coun-'tenance. If we were agreed, we might ſettle to 'ſomething, as ſoon as we could determine where 'we ſhould get moſt, by the Law, at the Coffee-'houſe, or at *Weſtminſter*.

Your humble Servant,

Lucinda Parly.

A Minuit from Mr. John Sly.

'THE World is pretty regular for about forty 'Rod Eaſt, and ten Weſt of the Obſer-'vatory of the ſaid Mr. *Sly*; but he is credibly 'inform'd, that when they are got beyond the 'Paſs into the *Strand*, or thoſe who move City-'ward are got within *Temple-Bar*, they are juſt as 'they were before. It is therefore humbly pro-'poſed, that Moving-Centries may be appointed 'all the buſy Hours of the Day between the *Ex-'change* and *Weſtminſter*, and report what paſſes to 'your Honour, or your ſubordinate Officers, from 'Time to Time.

Ordered,

That Mr. *Sly* name the ſaid Officers, provided he will anſwer for their Principles and Morals.

At the Deſire of ſeveral Ladies of Quality,
By Her Majeſty's Company of Comedians.

AT the Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane, this preſent Wedneſday, being the 12th of November, will be preſented a Comedy, call'd The Funeral, or, Grief à la Mode. All the Parts perform'd to the beſt Advantage.

AT the Queen's Theatre in the Hay-Market, this preſent Wedneſday, being the 12th of November, will be preſented an Opera called The Triumph of Love. Being a choice Collection of Muſick compoſed by Scarlatti, Bononcini, Albinoni, Caſarini, Gaſperini, and ſeveral other the moſt celebrated Italian Maſters. Boxes 8 s. Pit 5 s. Gallery 2 s. 6 d. Boxes upon the Stage Half a Guinea. To begin exactly at 6 a Clock. No Perſon to Stand upon the Stage.

AN Entertainment by Mr. CLINCH of BARNET, who imitates the Flute, Double Curtel, the Organ with 3 Voices, the Horn, Huntſman and Pack of Hounds, the Sham-Doctor, the Old Woman, the Drunken-Man, the Beſſ: All Inſtruments are performed by his natural Voice. To which is added an Eſſex Song by Mr. Clinch himſelf. To be ſeen this preſent Evening at 7 a Clock, at the Queen's-Arms Tavern on Ludgate-Hill, Price 1 s.

PUNCH return'd from Bath.
Never Acted before.

AT Punch's Theatre in the Little-Piazza, Covent-Garden, this preſent Wedneſday, being the 12th of this Inſtant, will be preſented a New Entertainment, call'd The Conſtant Lover, or, The Blind Beggar of Bednall Green, with the comical Humours of Squire Punch and his Man Gudgeon, beginning at 5 a Clock. Boxes 2 s, Pit 1 s.

At the old Warehouſe, is juſt now made up a freſh Parcel of Morning-Gowns for Men and Women of Brocades, rich Damasks, Britains, Callicoes and Stuffs, with very ſuitable Linings; and will be ſold much cheaper than the Shops can afford; the Goods being bought of People that broke. Several pretend to ſell under the ſame Notion, but the greateſt Choice and beſt Pennyworths is at the golden Sugar-Loaf right againſt the Horſe at Charing-Croſs, with the neweſt ſort of Canvis and Quilted Petticoats.

A moſt Uſeful and Eaſy Way for any one to write even and ſtrait without ruling the Paper, exactly drawn on Three Half-Sheets of Paper fitted for Three different Sizes of Hands. Price 2 d. per Half-Sheet. Sold by John Garret at his Shop next the Stairs of the Royal-Exchange in Cornhill: Where is alſo ſold Choice of Copy-Books, Maps, and Prints, with The young Accomptant's Remembrancer, uſeful for Merchants and Book-keepers.

This Day is publiſh'd,

The Biſhop of Oxford's Charge to the Clergy of his Diocеſe, at his Viſitation in the Year 1712. Printed for Jonah Bowyer at the Roſe in Ludgate-Street.

This Day is Publiſhed,

A Sermon preached at St. Paul's Covent-Garden the 5th of November, 1712. being the Anniverſary for the happy Diſcovery of the Gun-powder-Treaſon, and for the late glorious Revolution in 1688. By the Honourable Robert Lumley Lloyd, Chaplain to his Grace the Duke of Bedford. Sold by A. Baldwin in Warwick-lane. Price 3 d. Where may be had Mr. Lloyd's former Sermons.

Juſt Publiſhed,

The Danger and Folly of evil Courſes; being a Practical Diſcourſe, ſhewing the baſe and vile Nature of Sin, and the dreadful Conſequences of it, as well in this World, as that which is to come; With ſuch effectual Remedies, as, if rightly applied, will prevent it, and bring Men to a true Love of God and Religion. Partly extracted from the Writings of Abp. Tillotſon, Abp. Sharpe, Bp. Taylor, Bp. Stillingfleet, Bp. Patrick, Dr. Scott, Dr. Horneck, Dr. Lucas, Dr. Sherlock, Dr. Stanhope, Mr. Kettlewell, Judge Hale, &c. By Francis Hewerdine, Preſbyter of the Church of England. Printed for Daniel Brown at the Black Swan without Temple-Bar. Where may be had, An Eſſay to the Poets, By B Morrice: As alſo his Amuſements in Verſe and Proſe.

The Incomparable Powder for cleaning the Teeth; which has given ſo great Satisfaction to moſt of the Nobility and Gentry in England. Sold only at Mr. Halſey's, Bookſeller, at the Plow and Harrow near the Royal Exchange Cornhill, and at Mr Markham's Toyſhop at the 7 Stars under St. Dunſtan's Church, Fleetſtreet. It at once uſing makes the Teeth as white as Ivory, tho never ſo Black or Yellow, and effectually preſerves them from Rotting or Decaying, continuing them Sound to exceeding Old Age. It wonderfully cures the Scurvy in the Gums, prevents Rheum or Defluxions kills Worms at the Roots of the Teeth, and thereby hinders the Tooth Ach. It admirably faſtens looſe Teeth, being a neat cleanly Medicine, of a pleaſant and grateful Scent. Price 1 s. the Box. At the ſame Place is ſold, the highly eſteem'd Lip-ſalve for Ladies, &c. of a charming and delightful Scent. Price 1 s. the Box.

The famous Spaniſh Blacking for Gentlemens Shoes that ever was invented or uſed; it making them always look like New, never daubs the Hands in putting on, or ſoils the Stockins in wearing; neither hath it the ordinary Gloſs of German-Balls, or the intolerable noiſome ſtink of Size, but is of an agreeable Scent. It indeed makes the Shoes look extreamly Neat and mightily preſerves the Leather: All that uſe it Admire it, and thoſe that once try it, will never uſe any thing elſe. Sold for 1 s. 6 d. the Pot, with Directions, (which will laſt 3 or 4 Months) only at Mr. John Hannam's, a Toyſhop, at the 3 Angels near Potter-Lane in Cheapſide.

LONDON: Printed for *S. Buckley* and *J. Tonſon*, and Sold by *A. Baldwin* in *Warwick-Lane*.

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